The Secret of Dunraven Castle.

BY ANNIE ASHMORE. Author of "Faithful Margaret," Etc., Etc

CHAPTER XX .- (Continued.)

Lady Inchcape seemed deeply agi-tated; she clasped her hands tightly with a look of solemn joy.
"How we have sorrowed for him!" she

murmured. "Never was friend more bitterly mourned. If you only knew the nobility of his heart—but you shall since he is alive he shall be my own special protege, and the first boon l shall ask of my dear lord will be to es tablish his prospects."

"You like him much, then?" asked Lord Inchcape with quiet enjoyment "And Ulva-did you say she also mourned

A swift change passed over the lady's face.
"Ulva!" she whispered. "I had for

gotten-How shall I break this wonderful news to her!" she faltered, and blushed; her eyes fell before the searching gaze of her husband, yet she nestled towards him with fond submission. "In this first dear hour of reunion I cannot withhold anything from my lord," she murmured. "Who and-what this young man is I know not, since he never obtruded his personal affairs upon my attention. But this I know, that no nobler heart beats than Mr. Edgar's; he is a true gentleman, and merits all the friendship which I can show him until the day of my death. But I have to confess, that, selfishly absorbed in my own sorrow, I never dreamed of danger to our darling Ulva. It was only since we believed him drowned that I discovered-that-her grief for his death was as deep-aye, deeper far than my own.

Scarcely daring to speak above a whisper she brought this out, and timidly raised her eyes to read the shocked disapprobation she expected from Ulva's haughty father; but his countenance was inscrutable.

"And the young man-what were his sentiments?" asked he gravely. "That I would give much to know, sighed my lady; "but I believe he gave no expression to them, even to Ulva, who to be sure was seldom tete a-tete

with him. Alas! his honor will now stand in the way of any future explanation. If he loves her he will never approach her again. I know that true heart well. Long and anxiously I studied his nature before I chose him for my friend. Ah, I see now his reason for leaving us in ignorance of his escape from death here. He feared his own fheart and fled from temptation. He must have had some noble reason, for he was as tender as he was brave and would not wantonly afflict us '

"He will be here in a few days and will doubtless explain all," said my lord, with a smile, which showed the aston ished lady that her confession had not in the least disconcerted him.

My Lord and Lady Inchcape entered Dunraven tower together for the first

Every domestic about the premises marshaled in the vestibule to do honor to the occasion; and beautiful Ulva received her parents in her arms with love

and sympathy unspeakable.

During the evening which followed she could not but watch her stepmother in her new happiness with an admiration very near being awe, so dazzling was the beauty of her countenance, so

fascinating her personal manner. Every look, word and motion was instinct with charming soul, her whole being radiated pure joy. It was impos-sible to look up and meet her liquid smiling Cark eyes softly resting upon her without experiencing a vague assurance of happiness in store even for herself. Ulva's unspoken grief seemed lighter for the first time; she could believe it possible that God would show her how to

bear her sorrow nobly. And the romance of her parents' reunion comforted her; it was so sweet to know that although her life was not to be so blessed there was true bliss yet upon the earth for others.

But what said the maiden's sad philosophy when Lady Inchcape, coming into her room to bid her good-night, drew her into her arms with a burst of tender delight, and bade her, in a thrill ing voice, sorrow no more, since there was no more cause.

"For he is not drowned, Ulva, and he is good and true as we thought him, and we shall see him again-very soon, Ulva. darling, very soon!

CHAPTER XXL

THE FAIREST DAY THAT EVER DAWNED ON

INCHCAPE." Lord Incheape sought his daughter one day where she sat alone, plunged in maiden reverie, and a smile was on his

"See what I have brought for my Ulva to wear on this bright day!" said he, laying an open case in her lap "They were your mother's pearls; they glim-mered round her graceful throat, and from her ears and breast, when first my eyes rested upon her, and I have always kept them for a day in your life like that. I should like you to change this careless toilet at once, my child. She wore the stately attire becoming her beauty and rank, and so should her

daughter to-day." "And why to day, papa?" asked Ulva, wonderingly, her hands frembling among

the shimmering gems. "Because a guest is at the door who, of all that could come over the sea to Sleat-na-Vrecken, I most desire to honor. Don your fairest apparel, then, and your kindilest smile, for this is the fairest and kindest day that has dawned on Inchcape for many a wasted year. Come, Ulva; do you tremble, do you fear, and it is your father who bids you be glad? Can you not trust me? My own sweet girl, look up, and read the love in my eyes: there, could I wring your little

heart? No, no, not if truth speaks in human countenance! She allowed him to raise her by her two hands, and to lead her to

a window, and when she had stolen another timid glance at his eloquent face, a wonderful possibility flashed upon her; away fled all her sickening apprehensions of some unknown per-sonage coming with her father's sanc-

tion to demand her hand. "Who is coming, papa?" she whispered, her small hands closing unconsciously round his arm, while a magnificent blush mantled from lily brow to chin; yet she would not await any answer than that which his laughing eyes gave her consciousness. but drifted away without another word. They had talked so much of Captain Edgar during the past happy week, that although Uiva seldom joined in the discussion, her intently watching father had read enough of her innocent heart to feel sure of his ground.

And here was Edgar's sloop at last, skimming over the wild waters to the lonely isle; and my lord and his lady had prepared a reception for him, little enough like that which met him the last time he approached, an unknown ca-t

away in the wrecked Mergauser.

He lands, as upon sacred ground; and the glory of hopeful love is in his eyes, the proud swing of the conqueror in his step. He is met at the very tide by my lord and his lady-like wife, with leal Kenmore's rugged face beaming behind them; but where is his shy, proud Princess of the Sea? Ah! here she comes, stealing down the grim rock-path, the last to greet him, but the first in all the world in his swelling heart. And who so fair and kind in her stately attire and glimmering pearls as this proud daughter of the Inchcapes to-day?

And there is indeed no more cause for sorrow for Ulva? Is the tired sea-bird to fold her snowy wings in a haven of joy to-day? There is a sweet wonder in her dark-

ling eyes as she flits nearer; and she comes to a stop close to her father's side, with faith's unconscious appeal. It is Lady Inchcape, surely, this bril-

liant, beautiful lady, who first greets the stranger with both eager hands outstretched, and her heart in her happy eyes!

Scarcely can Edgar recognize the pathetic Lady Dunraven whom he left, in this incarnation of beauty and joy! "Welcome, a thousand times, to our home and our hearts, Edgar Arden!" cries she in a voice like ringing joy-bells

'I honored you above all men (save one)

when I knew no kinship between us; but I may love the heir of Inchcape all my

And she kissed him. While yet his senses are reeling under the sweet attack. Lord Incheape is wring ing his hands and uttering words he

never shall forget. "And I welcome you to Dunraven with the promise that, if your heart's desire is in my gift, I will surely give it you!'
Now Ulva, his very "heart's desire," what will you say to welcome him?

She is pale and amazed, and has me-chanically laid her dainty hand upon the ready arm of faithful old Kenmore, to steady herself; she gazes and gazes at the young man while her sweet eyes grow wide and fill with tears, and her lovely mouth quivers.

But when he has reached her, and has stolen those dainty hands into his own close keeping, and is pouring the whole passionate love of his heart through his eyes into hers, she conquers that first strange pang and the gnawing thrill that follows, and is speaking low and clear as a noble lady should speak to her father's "Mamma and I have grieved so bit-

terly over your supposed death, that you are welcome back even under a new name; but-I shall-always-miss 'Captain Edgar!' And her delicate tones fal-ter and fall over the last words.

"Do not misjudge me, Lady Ulva!" pleads the handsome fellow humbly.

By and by I shall explain everything that seems strange to you, and perhaps you will forgive me?" With a lingering pressure he releases her lovely hands: for is not Kenmore waiting for his no-tice, with his leal heart swelling with pride and joy?

"Hurrah for the bonnie heir o' Inchcape!" roars this heart of oak, as he swings his blue bonnet aloft; "an' fair fa' the day that brought him first to Dunraven, to raise the curse off Inchcape!

These proud words fire the young man's spirit; he turns so as to face the whole group, and something in his zlance silences every one. "Kenmore speaks truer than he

knows," says he: "the curse is indeed raised off the house of Inchcape. I bring good tidings, my lord; your justification has been found among the Colonel's papers; it was instantly laid before the lords of that committee before whom your honor was impeached, and here is their reply." He placed a letter in Lord Inchcape's

hand; and for once the proud peer seemed overcome as he devoured the brief contents, and passed the paper to

"A magnificent amende honorable!" cried Lady Inchcape, her fair face flushing proudly; "listen, Ulva; listen Kenmore; you have stuck to us through good and through evil report. Lord Inchcape stands triumphantly vindicated before the tribunal which heard him accused of dishonor five years ago, and in token of their regret for the injury he has suffered, they entreat him to accept his old seat in the cabinet, while in acknowledgment of his past services to the country, they offer him the Blue Ribbon of the Garter. And who brought all to pass? You, I am sure. Mr. Arden, though you do not say so."

And now, indeed, sweet Ulva presses Edgar's hand as well as my lady, and gives him a wonderful flash from eyes glittering with proud tears; but though my Lord Inchcape is mute while he wrings his young kinsman's hand his eye speaks a language which Edgar understands well; and no one is so radiant as he.

They move upward; of all the hovering attendants Kenmore alone is permitted a place near the enchanted group; and Edgar is forced to explain in spite

of his gracious modesty.

Yes, it was through his entreaties that the dead man's kinsman, Archerfield, searched his papers for anything bearing upon Lord Inchcape; and when the precious information was discovered in Accrington's diary of the year in question, together with the whole romance of his hopeless passion for Inchcape's exquisite American bride, it was only Edgar's wearied importunities which prevented the fiery o'd sea-dog from dashing the whole black story into the heart of his own fire, to preserve Ac-

crington's reputation. How Edward prayed him, hectored him, threatened him; how he appealed to his sense of justice, and all in vain; how he began about the unhappy wife and the sequestered daughter, and suddenly found himself on the Admiral's soft side, and the battle won; of all this he said little - the time for his thoughts

are forever straying, like his eyes, toward Ulva, who dares not meet them. And how is it that the group divides before they are half way up the tower, and that Lord Inchcape with his wife pass on unconscious that their younger companions have dropped behind?

And what is the story that Edgar Arden, of Inchcape, is telling his pa'e sea-princess now? and where is all her fire and pride to-day, that she does not chide him when he makes the boldest demand man's lips may frame to maiden free-a

demand for herself. No, she does not chide him; she would not if she could, because she— And now they have paused by the

rocky wall, close by the sea, where a little brook steals from the dark heart of the cliff to sparkle in the sun; and Edgar is telling his love the story of Sircombe's sin, and how leaf Kenmore delivered him from death.

And the High ander, who has been haunting them from afar, and drinking stolen draughts of the honey, happiness, from the sight of their sweet, young blis; shows his tall p'aid-wrapped form near them, and mute y pleads with wistful eyes for permi-sion to come closer.

And his proud Lady Oo'ava cries out face with John Sircombe. eagerly that he must come and be the No need to turn away in shuddering first to hear something, oh, so strange

and unexpected-for who has a better right than Kenmore?

"And you were here, and heard a dy-ing cry?" she asks of the old man, awa in her eyes, and her light clasp tightening on Edgar's arm.

"'Deed was I, Lady Oo!ava," answers Kenmore, in tones of solemn joy; "I was wae at hert for the brave man that had drowned at our very doors, as I thought -ay, an' for her that mourned sae bit-terly." He paused to contemplate proudly the quick blush that dyes his lady's downcast face, and the impas-sioned look of her lover; "I had neither broken broad nor slept for sorrow an' shame at the evil I had borne in my mind against him afore his death. An's sae I wandered up an' I wandered door among the lonely rocks night an' day; an' that night I cast me doon at the fit o' this cliff wa'; an' syne I heard a weary sigh, and it was at my very ear; an' I looked to see the mortal that was in such sair trouble; an' then my blood creeped backward an' the hairs o' my head stood up, for I wot it was a ghaist! Doon on my knees I fell, an' called on God for deliverance; an' my voice rang through the rocks like a trumpet; an' what should answer but an eerie voice ahint the cliff wa'-'Kenmore! Kenmore! I canna win oot!' an' it was the voice of him I thocht dead an' gone, yet I be-lieved it a' at once, an' 'maist grat wa' sheer joy! an' syne I saw a pale flutterin' thing creepin' oot through this cranny where the burnie trickles oot, like a white bird flutterin' from its

prison cage, an' I caught it, an' my heart was like to burst, it was sae thin an' wounded! for it was his hand, that same hand ye hold between your ain bonny silken anes—" but he may as well close his story here, for his proud Lady Oolava is holding her lover's hand to her bosom, and is bathing it with kisses and tears, in an agony of pity and love.

And then they both turn to the old man, who is standing with bared head and wrapt senses, as if he was in church; and each one takes one of his horny hands, and four eyes beaming with youth's loveliest emotion, pour gratitude upon him.
"And you will not grudge your Colava

to the unwelcome Englishman any more, will you?" pleads Edgar, with a smile. "Come with us and see for yourself how hard I shall try to make her life a noble

and happy one."
"Ah, 'tis not Arden o' Inchcape that leal Kenmore should misdoubt," says the old man, proudly; "you are not in the list with that dell Colonel c' the lithe and poisonous tongue, wha' brought a curse on Inchcape which only you could lift! May heaven's fairest bless. ings attend this day; may the sun ever shine for it, may no dool or was e'er darken the day that gave my bonnie young lady to the bravest an' best in England!"

And as the blessing rolls out in the fine old Highlander's full tones, the gracious young pair bend their heads to receive it

Yet hush! What is she saying now, this dear Oolava, adored from the first hour her tender, true face ever smiled in bleak Sleat-na-Vrecken? She has twined her snow-white little

hands about the old man's arm, and is pleading in a half whisper, the tears standing in her glorious eyes. "And you will come with us, and be my own Kenmore still? Ah, do not say no! For to you I owe my Edgar and

his love-and I will love you always. Never will Salford forget the coming home of Lord Inchcape with his longlost wife and daughter. Some vague hint of wronged innocence and a full vindication at last had leaked out, and gentle and simple were longing to get back the beloved Lady of Inchcape Fosse

and to see the splendid womanhood of Lord Inchcape's daughter, who had left them a child. But when the proud announcement was made that Lady Ulva was to marry the heir, their own popular idol, enthusiasm rose to its height; felicitations were showered upon the noble

every quarter. But none were so sweet to Ulva as Loveday Dellamere's, for the regain beauty from the north and the sunbright sprite with the golden tresses had but to gaze into each other's true

eyes to love in very truth forever.

And my Lord Inchcape was reinstated in his lofty place and once more served his country well and wisely. But it was noted that he never would leave his lady behind wherever his duty might send him; his Engelonde must ever be waiting for him after each day's care and toil to charm away his weariness, and to keep him in sweet remembrance of that oft forgotten truth that God's planning of man's day gives time for conjural happiness as well as for daily labor.

He never felt too weary or too preoccupied to converse with Lady Inchcape, for love made her presence a balm for

every earthly ill. So they buried Richard Accrington with great pomp and ceremony, and half the country were there to see the last of the splendid stranger who was to have given such gallant battle to Arden of Inchcape for the pleasure of

representing them.

And though the whole throng admired the magnificence of his last appearance on the world's stage and extolled his genius and wealth, there was no tear sned for Richard Accrington, save that one drop, bitter as gall, which slowly rolled down the mahogany cheek of Admiral Archerfield when he took his last look of the stern, inscrutable face lying in the coffin, for to this simple, fond sailor the ex-attache had seemed everything that is most to be proud of, and to discover him a man without honor-that

wrung the honest heart of the old seadog for many a day. Hush! there may have been one other being who could weep for lost Richard Accrington—one who loved and betrayed him and who had suffered deeply from his vengeance, for death blots out many

black records, and a woman's love lasts Yet if she wept it must have been shamed secrecy, for who should loathe his memory more than did Mrs. Della-

mere? My lord's secretary, Mr. Sircombe, did not long outlive his disgrace.

When convinced that he was not to be

permitted to remain near his offended patron or his family, he vanished out of their ken so suddenly and so completely that he left no trace behind. But for months after Ulva's restoration

to society, when the family were in London preparing for her marriage, any one at all interested in the old and the sad might have observed a certain forlorn figure wrapped in a disguising c'oak, which seemed to haunt the steps of the beautiful and brilliant creature whenever she condescended to walk; which waited hours in the harsh spring winds at the rail to see her pass by among the other great people wno circled round the Ladies' Mile; and grew more and more forlorn as time went on; more old looking, more tremulously helpless; until he only came once a week to sit on an obscure bench and gaze afar on the lovely face; then once in a month; then one last time-the test of all, for the beautiful lady chanced to alight from her own carriage to walk a little way with her lover under the royal oaks, and coming nearer slowly, the burning eyes of her devotee had time to feed upon her noble form and her adorable face-even to gather every radiant glance-till she chanced to look his way, and found herself face to

scorn, sweet Ulva; ne will never narm your lover more!

For when she bentover him, struck by an unutterable something in his face, the man's heart was broken—all his life had gone forth in that feeding gaze-he

His shame had driven him forth, but his grief had killed him. The Three Graces are once more united, Alice, Laura and Engelonde; but the fatal guest will never again intrude upon their happiness, to draw down upon their lives the curse of that passion

which is cruel as the grave-jealousy. [THE END.]

TEMPERANCE.

A VOLCANO OF EVIL

Intemperance, an evil most heinous before God, most dreadful in its results, has grown among us to gigantic proportions. In the countless homes it shoots its venom-laden fangs, and annually, aye, daily, it gathers into its coils whole hecatombs of victims. Its presence is felt through the entire land, and everywhere it revels with demoniac nature is a not misery.

Alcohol, ocean-like, floods the land. Mild dilutions do not satisfy us; fermentation and distillation are called into service to provide it in more undiminished vigor; and whether it be wine or whisky, the vile art of while well or its often ampleyed to appeared. adulteration is often employed to enhance its maddening power. With this immense consumption of alco-

with this immense consumpted of acc-hol, upon what a volcano of evil and misery society rests! The direct expenditure of hundreds of millions for little except pleas-urable excitement, is the least deplorable reurable excitement, is the least deplorable result. Alcohol taken beyond very moderate doses first weakens, then totally suspends, reason. Man is incapacitated for all the duties of life, and is left without protection, a prey to his vilest and most untamed passions. Alcohol directly inflames these passions; it is oil poured on their burning fire. It fills the mouth with blasphemy and arms the hand for murder. It is the deadly foe of purity. It withers all generous aspirations of the heart, and substitutes in their stead the coldest selfishness. It makes man the demon incarnate.

the demon inearnate.

Now picture to yourselves two hundred thousand or more drinking shops in the Republic, belching forth over the land their alcoholic fumes; from your knowledge of two or three of them, magine how many men in the whole country are bereft through them of their reason, and you will form an idea of the woe and sin that alcohol produces. All classes, high and low, offer holocausts upon the altar of intemperance. The brightest minds and noblest hearts are numbered among the victims. Human wrecks, whose fortune it has dissipated, whose intellect it has stifled, are strewn over the land thick as

has stified, are strewn over the land thick as autumnal leaves in the forest. Homes are devastated; hearts of mothers broken; the joys of the wedding morning turned into ceasless mourning; children scattered as waifs through a pitiless world.

What is to be done? Anything, but something. In the name of humanity, of country, of religion, by all the most sacred ties that bind us to our fellowmen, for the love of Him who died for souls. I beseech you, declare war against intemperance; arrest its onward march.—Archbishop Ireland.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE THE BEST BULE.

To ask the drunkard to quint drinking, is to ask him to do what he lost the power of doing. Of all forms of evil, intemperance, if taken in time, is the easiest of prevention; but naving once secured a footing, the most difficult of cure. Total abstinence is the best

rule of action.

We urge the practice as an effectual safe. We arge the practice as an effectual safe-guard to fathers, husbands, brothers and sons who are living in the midst of temptations to which the conflict of life exposes them, and to mothers, wives, sisters and daughters in their social circles and in their homes. It is a sad truth, that possibly more than one-half of our army of drunkards begin to feel the mastery of the dradful appetite through the drinking customs they have brought into their own homes. Above all clse, keep the home pure.

Never allow the wine-cup entrance within

Never allow the wine-cup entrance within the hallowed precincts of the home. In re-joicing or sorrowing, in health or sickness, let no occasion be made an excuse for its

To state that there is no sin in a cup of wine, does not meet the argument. Nor will it avail you to point to total abstainers whose example in other directions is bad. The question relates to your life. Can you make it more serviceable to yourself, your neighbor, your country, and your Creator by promising to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, and to prevent by advice and example the sin of intemperance in others?

HOW PAUPERS ARE MADE IN LONDON. The Westminster Gazette gives an account The Westminster Gazette gives an account of the following scene recently observed by a correspondent in the southwest of London: A crowd of children, mostly dirty and ragged, jostling at the entrance of a public house; two bigger girls, one with a shawl over her head and a baby in her arms, abusing each other, and breaking off to dance. Packets of sweets in most of the hands, some scrambling for the dropped ones, I asked, "Where did you get all those sweets?" Silence. Then a taller child said, from Mr.—; he guv'em as a Christmas box;" so I opened the door and watched. The public opened the door and watched. The public was full of children, and Mr. — was handing out packets, and apparently trying to ing out packets, and apparently trying to prevent repeated applications. This is how we make our paupers—just as the constant music at the doors of the publics draws children and lads and girls, who end by going in. I have watched them often. If the publican wants to give sweets, why doesn't he do it elsewhere than across the hear?"

A JUDGE'S TESTIMONY. In a recent article Judge Daniel Agnew, of Beaver, Penn., gives this testimony: "If a life of eighty-six years can confer experience, and give some knowledge, perhaps mine in and out of courts of justice and public affairs may entitle me to a small share. Mine is not the gush of sentiment or erratic effusion. The first homicide case tried before me was The first homicide case tried before he was that of a brother who killed a brother in a drunken quarrel while driving cattle. The second, of a college student, fresh from a whiskey chicken roast, killing a poor young man. The third, that of an Englishman stabbed in a drunken broil in the street of a rillione and the heart of the vigtim produced village, and the heart of the victim produced in court to show the cut the knife had made. So the calendar of crime in the daily press will show a homicide from drunkenness for every day in the year. All judges testify that nine-tenths of the crimes of violence and bloodshed have their origin in drunken. and bloodshed have their origin in drunken-

A FRUITLESS JOURNEY. When a young man begins to drink it is as though he got on an electric car and went to sleep. He crosses one street after another without knowing it. Total abstinence adwithout knowing it. Total abstinct and vocates come like the conductor every now and then and call out the stopping places, but he rides on. He thinks he can get off when he wants to. There is another hand on the lever and the cars rolls along in the same direction all the time with a low humsame direction all the time with a low hum-ming song that helps him to sleep. When he finally gets his eyes open he is amazed to find that he has ridden much further than he had any wish to go. He has a big bill for extra fare charged up against him, and he extra lare charged up against him, and he has a hard and long walk back, for there are no cars back in a man's life. He has to walk. He will find the journey a good deal more cheerful and be much less likely to stumble if he joins the total abstinence movement and walks along in good company.

WHAT IT MEANS.

The sale of drink is the sale of disease; the sale of drink is the sale of poverty; the sale of drink is the sale of insanity; the sale of drink is the sale of crime; the sale of drink is the sale of crime; the sale of drink is the sale of death."—Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M. D.

BEER AND CHILDREN.

Many things are done for "charity's sweet Many things are done for "charity's sweet sake" that should not be done, and one of these things is the indiscriminate selling of intoxicating drinks at open-air festivals. Beer is said to be the least intoxicating of strong drinks, but when beer is sold, in the name of charity, to little boys in short pants, it is time to call a last.—Now Orleans Pica. it is time to call a halt .- New Orleans Pica-

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES. London has 10,500 public houses.

The Catholic Benevolent Legion, with 436 councils and 36,000 members, has voted to exclude rum sellers.

The bars in the parks of New York City have been closed by the Park Commissioners.

A STRIKING SCENE.

HOW MADAGASCAR'S QUEEN DE-CLARED AGAINST FRANCE.

Barefooted, and Clothed in a Second-Hand White Satin Ball Dress Made by Worth, She Exhorts Her People.

army the French invaders are larger and more advancing, on state occasions appears were, happily, almost without exception of the Colonial style, and were wearing a second-hand Worth ball tion, of the Colonial style, and were dress of fashion long gone by, and dignified, stately, comfortable and with a barbaric crown on her head substantial. But as wealth became and nothing on her black feet. She more widely diffused and the tastes of appears in the great square of the people grew more pretentious, where she issues stirring proclama- that were ugly almost to the verge of tions to her people.

With one hand she grasps a sword and or reason. Instead of utility adorned, with vehement gestures emphasizes which is, or should be, the end and her exhortations, and with all the pas- aim of architecture, ornateness was sionate eloquence of her race threat- sought even at the expense of utility. ens, commands and prays her hearers | The hideous structures of the "60's to take up arms against and exter- and 70's," which line every street of minate the hated white men who for the older cities and dot every suburb, ten years have held the Nation in were the result. Gradually these

and the choicest blessings of the here- the style. after will be the reward of those who

are a sort of dolman of purple satin dwelling as Gothic, classic, Renais-spangled with gold, short trousers of sance, Colonial, or what not, gravely white silk and long boots. About dubbed it Queen Anne. So it has come cellar may extend under the whole his waist he wears a belt of yellow about in the usage of uninformed peo- house or be omitted entirely. Open leather studded with gems, from which | ple that the Queen Anne style of arch- | fireplaces in parlor, sitting and dining

QUEEN ANNE HOUSES.

Queen Anne will have much to an-

They are Popular, Although the Name is Misleading. (Copyright 1895.)

wer for if she is held accountable for all the architectural abominations that have been erected in her name. During the earlier days of this country, the major part of the dwellings were simple and plain and could give RANCE'S enemy in Madagas- but little direct offence to aesthetic car, the dusky Queen Ran- taste, even if lacking in some of the avolona III., against whose prime requisites of beauty. The army the French invaders are larger and more expensive houses ndalho, at Tananarivo, the capital, architecture developed along lines the grotesque. Simplicity gave place The scene is a picturesque one. to elaboration that was without rhyme

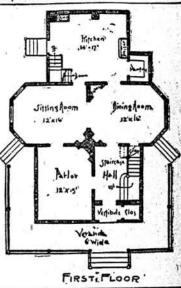
abominations grew to have a certain The war is a holy one, she declares, | similarity and a name was needed for

Among the different architectural fall. She also promises substantial styles the Queen Anne seemed to rewards to the victors who survive. have the least strongly marked pecu-The Prime Minister's dress is no liarities. It was a sounding title, and stain; roof shingles dipped and brush ess striking. Its principal features the public, when it could not place a coated with a darker red stain.

brick; first story, clapboards; second story, gables, dormers and roofs, shingles. Outside blinds to all windows except those of the cellar.

Interior finish: Hard white plaster, oft wood flooring and trim, ash staircase, kitchen wainscoted, panels

under windows in parlor; interior woodwork finished in hard oil. Colors: Clapboards, dark green; rim, outside doors, blinds and rain



conductors, bronze green; sashes, dark red; veranda floor, dark olive drab; veranda ceiling varnished; brickwork, Indian red; wall shingles dipped and brush coated venetian red

Accommodations: Cellar under kitchen, with concrete floor, but the



MADAGASCAR'S QUEEN IN A WORTH GOWN AND BARE FEET, DECLARING WAR AGAINST THE FRENCH (From a sketch made by a French resident in Madagascar.)

hangs a sword in a golden scabbard. itecture has been widely perverted rooms, with mantels over same. Vestithe native dress, with bare arms, their | cance. long black hair streaming over their

shoulders. unpopular one in Madagascar of late beginning of the eighteenth century. years, because the amount of booty | The buildings that were erected durand pillage to be obtained has been small, and it has therefore been difficult to keep the ranks filled. In time of peace recruiting goes on for three months each year, but as soon as a sufficient complement has been obtained and drilling begin, desertions commence, and in a short time the ranks are badly thinned. Desertions are rarely punished unless they fail to bribe their superior officers; then they are shot. Under the present circumstances, despite the Queen's burning proclamations and harangues, the volunteers have been few, for the na-

love their tyrannical ruler. The real monarch of Madagascar, however, is not Queen Ranavolona windows that were often divided by III., or as she prefers to be called, Ra- mullions. Some of the picturesque navolomanjaky III., but it is the Prime Minister, Rainilaiarivony, whom the curious law of the land obliges to be the husband of the ing example accompanies this article. Queen. He is now past seventy years of age and has held his post for more the principal rooms and their sizes, than thirty years, during which time closets, etc., will be found by referhe has been the husband of three dif- ence to the floor plans. ferent queens. He it is who decides all questions of state, and the Queen's part is merely to indorse his judgments, which she invariably does.

The French Protectorate, which was established after the war of 1885, has been bitterly opposed by Rainilaiariyony, and his hatred of the whites has brought about the present conflict. The French, however, have more to fear from the fevers of the country than they have from the untrained troops which are being gathered with so much difficulty.

The Queen is well educated, thirtyfive years old, and is fond of playing draughts and chewing betel. Her private expenses are paid from a fund to which all who enter her presence are required to contribute a five-franc piece (one dollar). The youngest member of the royal household presents a hat in which the money is placed .- New York World.

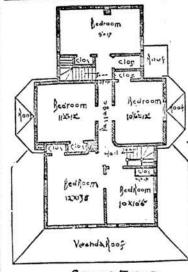
The New Standard Dictionary gives twenty-one eminent American authorities, including Wendell Phillips and George William Curtis, who say that | 6 inches; first story, 8 feet 10 inches; the proper pronunciation of the word | second story, 8 feet 4 inches. 'clerk' is "clark."

The sunt and sister of the Queen wear from its technical and original signifi-This so-called style is supposed to

be founded on the class of designs The military profession has been an | that were used to a large extent at the

A QUEEN ANNE VILLA. tives fear the French and do not ing the reign of Queen Anne were simple and plain, with classic cornices and details, and frequently had large features of the old buildings are utilized to the best advantage in the modern revised styles, and an interest-

The perspective view is shown and



SECOND FLOOR Extreme width, including veranda, 35 feet 6 inches; depth, including

veranda, 49 feet. Heights of stories: Cellar, 6 feet Exterior materials: Foundation.

"Governor, this is a great day to me. It is the proudest moment of my

mate friends of the new Governor's remarks, but they never were made public until now. - Wilmington (Del.),

life, but I will not live long. Mr. Watson will be Governor."
Governor Reynolds told a few inti-

bule door is made to slide to avoid

nterference with passage to stairway.

Sliding doors connect dining and sit-

ting rooms; back stairway to second

stairway. Sliding doors, fireplaces

and mantels, and part of the veranda

may be omitted. Bathroom with partial or full set of plumbing may be

Cost: \$2687. This includes man-

tels but not the range and heater;

the estimate based on New York

prices for materials and labor, but in-

many sections of the country the cost

should be less.

The name "Queen Anne" is quite

misleading, for the style partakes

more of the nature of the buildings-

of the earlier Renaissance or of the

Elizabethan period than of those of

Queen Anne's reign. It has also bor-

rowed from the Renaissance of Ger-

many and France, as well as some of

its best features from the classic and

the late Gothic styles. The Queen

Anne style is best fitted to villas and

Veterans of Foreign Birth.

In the Togus (Me.) Soldiers' . Home

careful estimate shows that the num-

bers of foreign born and native in-

mates are about equal, although at

the close of the war the former were in the large majority. This is easily explained. Many of the foreign born

Union volunteers had no families in-

this country. They were young men,

and when the war left them wrecks

they perforce went to Togus and to-

the other branches of the National

Home. The most of American born.

of course, had relatives and homes to-

which they could go, and there they

remained until actually obliged by in-

creasing years and infirmities to seek

Governor Marvil's Foreboding.

That Governor Marvil did not ex-

pect to live long is shown by his own

words. On the day of his inaugura-

tion, as he rode to the Court House

to take the oath of office, he remarked

to Governor Reynolds, who was the

occupant of the carriage with him:

the home. - Boston Transcript.

structures of that order.

introduced.